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THE CRITIC

Editorial

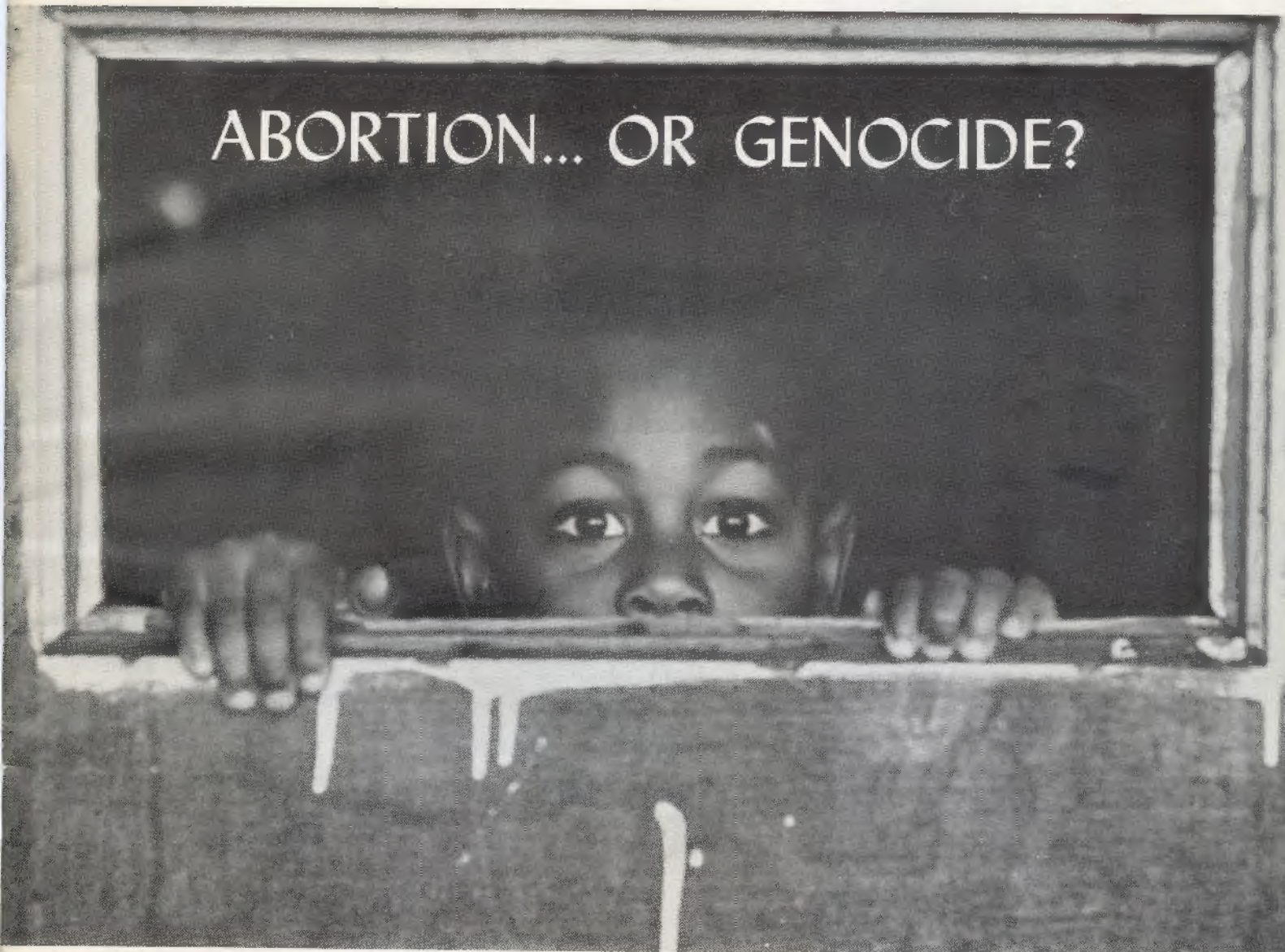
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ABORTION... OR GENOCIDE?



LIBERATOR

Vol 10 No 8 August 1970

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The Critic

No one is more maligned than the critic, be he concerned with literature, music, theater, the socio-political scene or what-have-you. The very nature of his endeavors precludes his being liked or accepted by those who must perform under his scrutinizing eye. And yet, without the critic with all his hang-ups, petty jealousies, pet-hates and sometimes what appears to be an absolutely myopic and negative view of the world, alas the overabundance of mediocrity that now stands waiting in the wings would surely envelop us. And then critics, all critics, would be rendered irrelevant. Such is the fate that seems to await the American society, and especially that segment known as the Afro-American political and literary establishment.

Over the last ten years I have received countless letters complaining about my editorials and in particular those editorials which attempted to deal in some rational fashion with a specific event of the day. These letters almost invariably ask why I am "running the brothers' game down in full view of whitey.... Yeah," they say, "I know that King, Wilkins, Young, Farmer and Lewis hustled ole man Currier of the Taconic Foundation out of \$800,000 to put on their picnic called the March on Washington in '63... and the brothers know Killens can't write worth a damn, but if them dumb honkies want to buy his books, ain't no bread out of our pockets." Or, "Stop knocking those jive-ass white liberals, for without them and their guilt all of us would have to find another bag to hustle." But nowhere in any of these letters have there been any suggestions or hints about the need to establish some kind of standards by which future generations of Afro-Americans will: (1) be able to understand us and what we did and did not do for our own liberation; and more important (2) not be forced to repeat all the mistakes we made.

Today too much of our creative effort is still being devoted to hustling and conning the Man, whether in the form of those who scream "Whitey can't come uptown to see my play" (much of it shades of grey of Shakespeare and Camus) as they con some dumb strung-out liberal over at the Foundation for more bread, or those who opt to provide new plantation entertainment for the so-called "radical chic" on Manhattan's East Side. All of which just goes to add one more step to the old dance: The Militant Shuffle.

Surely our lives have more meaning than just hustling. Surely we are capable of producing standards/guidelines/criteria which will lead us into a new and relevant lifestyle. Our people demand them and all history says we cannot survive without them.

-- DANIEL H. WATTS

Abortion... or

by CHRISTY ASHE

First, I want to make it clear that I have no intention -- none -- of paying for unborn babies being scraped out, sucked out, floated out, or cut out in July or any other month of the year, and especially in lofts.

Second, I want to say that the problem of the nice, well-speaking, "educated" white girl who wants an abortion up to and including the ninth month, while carrying the Pill in her pocket, coils up her vagina, and jellies in her corridors of entry, needs a lobotomy not an abortion.

Third, I want to say that the Black Woman today was used deliberately and openly to get "easily available, safe, cheap, and unrestrictive" abortion on New York

State's books, as an acceptable alternative to what American "liberals" won't pay for -- health, education, welfare, and, in brief, *life*. And *rights* aren't viable in a vacuum.

It's liberal abortions, not unrestrictive life, that's "right on" now in New York. When the same man that gave us Welfare cuts last year gives holy abortions this year, it's not the ghetto girl raped by her uncle and butchered by a sadistic abortionist he's got his future hung on. It's a decade of malignant neglect; a pending election with no-housing and epidemic addictions; and a pollution crisis we're all being taught is caused by embryos and soda bottles, instead of Standard Oil, American Can and enzyme

action.

Big Brother CBS and "female-oriented" *New York Times* should take most of the credit for adapting, fostering and bringing to fruition an Abortion Statute that literally takes the man off the hook and gives it to younger, and younger girls, Black, Tan, or Puerto Rican Brown. *And there isn't a man around that will ever have to have one.* It will, as in Japan (which, immediately after its unconditional surrender, "freely" adopted unrestrictive abortion as a State policy to control population -- unlike other war-torn countries, which began to breed like rabbits to make up numbers...), delay priority systems from changing *now* toward feeding, housing, educating,

Genocide?

and unpolluting. It will, as in Sweden, "solve" illegitimacy -- wipe it out completely. (It *will* solve the Welfare problem, eventually, but as for epidemic v.d. -- doubtful.) And it will lead to the 2.3 child ratio increasingly pursued and pushed by the industrial complex, who, unlike Ralph Nader, think infants, not engines, pollute. (Note: After 25 years of liberally applying abortion to its women, Japan is expensively importing cheap labor to keep up the economic status quo. Russia, finding abortion too available for survival, unliberalized it for Russians -- but not for Czechoslovakians or Hungarians...China, with one-fourth of the world's population, won't allow

it even in the provinces -- something to do with numbers equal power.)

Abortion as a "private moral" problem is the most political issue around. And when every available source of information blots out the known social, medical and legal effects from other states and other countries, it's obvious a Job was done on all of us. The Job done was so effective and so total in New York City, that only now are even the medical questions being rationed out in the press, and the projected statistics show billions, not millions, in federal subsidy will be necessary to meet demands of "socially acceptable" abortion. (Meanwhile, Fail-Safe Birth Control like Fail-Safe missile systems, is question-

able State policy.)

Recently I attended an abortion forum, held at Greenwich House in the West Village, hotbed of Repeal. There were about 200 in the audience. Unlike a prior forum at P.S. 6 (an excellent, uncrowded, non-Title I school on the east side of Manhattan), which was manned by the lunatic fringe and politicals up for election, the Greenwich Village Association had on stage about nine doctors, representing such hospitals as Beth Israel, St. Vincent's and French-Polyclinic -- hospitals servicing East and West Village residents. The crowd was overwhelmingly female, young, good lookin'. White, naturally. Only a few acted desperately in need as the discus-

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sion proceeded, and these from an obviously psychic, not socio-economic standpoint. Howard Moody, who has handled about 20,000 abortion referrals through his Judson Church service, was planted firmly in the back of the room, keeping the panel in focus as to "how many and how much," when they strayed off into irrelevancies such as "why necessary" or "how safe medically." (What I really dug about Moody, and Lawrence Lader and Bernard Nathanson, was their humane view of abortion, as opposed to their humane view of the fertile female.)

The doctor from Beth Israel, long a supporter of liberalized abortion, started off by saying how serious the *New York Times* didn't make it. It isn't, he said, like going to the dentist. (Yet, I quip -- silently of course.) "Not at any period of gestation," he said. He cited the death rate in England: 60,000 abortions to leave a ratio of one dead pregnant woman to 2000 live and aborted ones. He said gravely that "enlightened" legislature had, in the past, caused disaster because programs were not planned in advance, and there wasn't adequate funding. He, however, thought they could achieve an acceptable "death rate" with a bit of time and luck. The phrase had a familiar ring, like "overkill." He'd called the chief surgeon at University Hospital in San Diego who reported that before California's liberalized abortion law, there was one abortion to 1,000 live

births. Now in the San Diego area, there are 1,500 abortions to 1,000 live births. (Well, if San Diego includes Orange County...must look that up.) According to Jane Brody in the *Times*, Monday, June 8th, the San Diego area is providing a ratio of abortions to deliveries that is five times higher among whites than among the Blacks, who obviously need it most and are completely covered by Medi-Cal insurance "for the indigent," and unwanted, Black infant. (What is wrong with those Western sisters? Too much sun, or civic disobedience?)

This doctor from Beth Israel, with a phone call to a colleague, was able to unearth information from behind the Iron Curtain completely unavailable to CBS and the *Times*, with their miserable lack of funds and research power. His colleague had practiced in an Eastern European country that instigated unrestricted abortion, and said the chief medical problem during the first few years was learning how to cope with all the complications resulting from surgically terminating a healthy pregnancy: perforated wombs, hemorrhaging, pelvic infections, etc. -- complications widely mentioned by friends of mine who went to "good doctors," and never mentioned by New Yorkers for Abortion Law Repeal who were well represented at Greenwich House. The Beth Israel spokesman, as did all the medical men after him (except Nathanson of St. Luke's, who's

got his eye on a fantastic career), held very strongly to the opinion that State and City guidelines regarding "hospital" procedures, as opposed to free-floating clinics and "do it yourself in the bathroom with a pill," are medical sanity. "Maybe a sociologist married to a psychiatrist" could discover why, he continued, with every birth control method known to man, married women (and with whom money isn't the problem) come to his hospital at 20 weeks seeking what is a highly dangerous medical procedure. He was hissed by the suddenly hostile crowd. (My question: why in our society, are two people having a child increasingly expected to provide every necessity and every need, from food to protection from assault to adequate education? Can it be a total lack of back-up systems, in a hostile environment geared more and more overtly to the healthiest, most viable young consumer in history?)

Turning back to the spokesman's points, Beth Israel can perform about 2,000 abortions in the coming year. The other hospital spokesmen confirmed his statement that it would be absolutely impossible for voluntary, municipal or private hospitals to cope with the anticipated abort-in starting July 1st. Figuring on the 150,000 deliveries last year, he predicted one-third of this year's little people (50,000) would end up with simultaneous birth-death certificates as required

by State law -- or just death certificates, for the smallest ones. He closed with an allusion to the movie *Modern Times*, he turned invisible screws on an invisible assembly line as Chaplin did, and said, "It is inconceivable that one million abortions (figure anticipated by the truly dedicated) can be performed with dignity." Dignity?

The jolly looking doctor from French-Polyclinic mentioned that 20 weeks is State medical fact for "viable life," as opposed to the 24 weeks voted in by Albany's majority of one. Indications of life include movement of the umbilical cord and must be recorded as "live birth" before signing the immediately necessary death certificate. (Advanced medical technology and genetics, of course, establish "life" instrumentally much earlier than "viability." But the issue of existence of "life" is never either questioned nor mentioned if at all possible. More and more this issue of "life," in the stage *after* birth, is lining up the good guys and the bad unanswering system... I don't count birth control by abortion an affirmative answer to the question of suffering.)

The doctor from French-Polyclinic said his hospital could live with the State and City guidelines. He mentioned that one of the chief reasons for supporting liberalization is that it takes abortions out of private offices, and removes the hidden consequences and exorbi-

tant fees. In his hospitals, unborn children can be aborted after 10 weeks of healthy "benign neglect," only as the doctor dictates (as prevailing medical standards dictate, as socio-economics persuade them,

as hospital priorities prevail...). They will make family planning available for any abortion patient. He revealed there was only a five-to-six-day wait for a bed now at these hospitals, as opposed to St.

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"Watts is a container of filth and ignorance, because it was created by the white man."

● That's a black man talking, four years after Watts exploded into the violence that rocked the nation. What's happened since? Here the people of Watts tell in their own words how the hell of Watts continues to fester to this day. "The most incisive report in the growing body of post-insurrection literature, a necessary antidote to the McCone Commission's official version."

—RICHARD M. ELMAN,
N. Y. Times Book Review

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Vincent's with a five-to-six-week wait for surgery.

I don't mean to omit Dr. Rivkind of St. Vincent's. St. Vincent's, Catholic and providing the main emergency and medical facilities for the West Village, has not, does not, and will not perform anything but therapeutic abortions (and, contrary to all innuendoes, therapeutic abortions refer only to those necessary to preserve the life of the mother). Under the new State law, St. Vincent's will provide referral service. The girls were *hostile* to this archaic position -- much has happened in the past three years and, undoubtedly, much of it's happened to them. Anyway, Rivkind kept his cool, hung loose, not defensive -- not even guilty -- as he pointed out that myocardial infarctions have to wait 24 hours for attention and that, at his hospital, the pervading opinion is that abortion *unrestrictus* is, space-wise, unrealistic. Through the discussion, it was clear that the other hospitals would not be able to handle referrals from St. Vincent's.

The problem of Fordham Hospital came up here, since Fordham is a municipal hospital largely staffed by Catholic personnel. (I happen to think even Catholic views had the right to be investigated in depth, along with the Panthers, but...) Fordham doesn't do abortions either -- let's see if they close up or "compromise." Along about now, a young and sincere doctor from, I believe, Long Island, suggested a "dialogue" to influence and educate such medical positions. A nice, composed pathologist said, "Doctors don't do well what they don't like to do."

-- -- This gentle, dry pathologist also told us it only takes 12 minutes to bleed to death. I hadn't known that. He quietly used the term "blood baths" referring to what would follow liberalization of the abortion law, but the crowd got uptight. He also had statistics from behind the Iron Curtain unavailable to the *Times* and C.B.S. Hungary, for instance, reduced mortality rates in healthy abortions from 5.6% (1957-1958) to

1.2% (1964-1967). (Also mentioned that a woman dead is 100% dead, but back to the facts.) These operations are almost entirely done in the first 12 weeks. After that, again the listing of serious consequences. He didn't approve, as his colleagues did not, of paramedical professionals taking over the franchised abortion business. He made a very simple statement that any medical procedure taken "lightly, casually or carelessly" was not sound medicine.

Now I come to Dr. Bernard Nathanson of St. Luke's and Joint Diseases. Dr. Nathanson's letters get printed in the *Times* when he writes about abortion (as do the doctors from Montefiore in favor, and Planned Parenthood, and Columbia Medical Center, and Doctor Robert Hall of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Doctor Rivkind's *never* do). Dr. Bernard Nathanson is the Jerry Rubin of New Yorkers for Abortion Repeal. His style is radically different, but his love for the politics of abortion is true -- fight those guidelines, get those conceptions salked out. Onto the street, if necessary, but most preferably into his vast outlying clinics, complete with skilled medical assistants, trained by him, and supervised by doctors. He urges mass demonstrations, letters (someone said fetuses), sit-ins, endless confrontations to take his simple procedure (patented?) out of the reach of the Establishment, into the haven of lofts and store fronts.

Dr. Nathanson has a friend at Stanford University who has performed 900 Salk procedures with no complications. This is a good, good score. Medical friend of mine, obstetrician, says it's not unusual for the process to take nine months (even unborn infants that are solutioned to death reserve the last rite of arriving on their time, not ours). In connection with this, any woman that has found a doctor who can, by the usual examinations, tell her exactly how long she's been pregnant to get under the six month deadline (or predict the "wanted" baby's birthday... or slip in under a 12 week hospital rule) is

going to make a fortune in the referral game.

Abortionist Nathanson clarified the grisly London record. He said the major London hospitals dropped out quickly when forced to either get on with medicine or give in to the chartered-trip abortion trade. So private hospitals in the hinterland assumed the demands, where there is inadequate supervision, facilities and possibly less enlightened medical standards. (Comparable, possibly, to the free-floating clinics he's proposing?) When questioned on his stand about paramedicals, as opposed to doctors, he smiled and said yes, he probably could train garage mechanics in a day, to do these ridiculously simple, unmedical procedures. No doubt Dr. Nathanson will.

Dr. Nathanson obviously likes abortion as an operation, unlike the rest of the panel present, who revealed an attitude of chauvinistic indifference, dislike, or a "necessary evil" point of view. Dr. Nathanson, as did Mr. Moran of Planned Parenthood, gives the impression that abortion is good for pregnant women. To him it is the great remedy for social injustice, for female liberation, for the New Order our sterile technology demands. He never got around to saying what would be done with all these embryos and fetuses -- drowned, burned or, as now reported in England, sold for scientific experimentation. Well, no one ever does. He sums up the female through his view of one small part and confines his interest and concern to sexual freedom, not human freedom, by effectively excluding the total female body from his focus. Like, for instance, her blood and her brain. And, unlike obstetricians, Dr. Nathanson has only one patient in a pregnancy to his best knowledge. To him, as to Lucinda Cisler, expert in "sex education and abortion" for a Woman's Lib group, abortion involves removal of a "parasitic growth" feeding on the innocent woman's tissue. (Is this any way to teach sex education?)

Rabid though he is, Dr. Bernard Nathanson isn't going to give up

medical and economic interests for humane abortion. St. Luke's will adhere to an abortion committee for pregnancies over 10 weeks, as necessitated by malpractice insurance. I've a feeling most humane abortionists will. Suits terrify the medical profession. (Nathanson urges "pressure be brought to bear" on such old-time medical practices.) Referring to his fervor for paramedicals, who, he says, will increase the abortion "output" by adding to the doctor's efficiency six extra hands, Nathanson reveals another concern for safety -- his safety, that is. Their presence will guarantee witnesses when "accidents" occur. Which leaves the grossly underpaid orderly not only to dispose of the clean, therapeutically dead fetus, but also act as sole witness for... me? (American Civil Liberties, by the way, will not handle this orderly's defense. Or the male right to what he *expected* to be his child. Shows how narrow they're ready to define rights, when politics intervene.) Dr. Bernard Nathanson. Empires built on embryos. A man for this age.

Mr. Alfred Moran, executive vice-president for Planned Unparenthood (as someone jokingly renamed it) pursued Nathanson's approach, stating unequivocally that free-floating clinics are a necessity, that guidelines must be changed, that hospitals can't handle the demands predicted, that posters and propaganda must be increased. (Which, of course, increases the climate and demand, as all good advertising does.) He brought up the importance of "the right to know." To know, not what alternatives there are to abort your child, but where the nearest booth is located. "300,000 medical man-hours" will adequately handle his projected 100,000 abortions. To give the Welfare mother life, abortion will get rid of the 41 per thousand infant mortality rate in Bed-Sty. Wonder what 300,000 medical man-hours humanely applied toward life might do? Always the insinuating perversion that clean knives, not rusty ones, will give life to the

young Black girl. Mr. Moran exhorted all to activate. He particularly emphasized concentration on the poor and disadvantaged.

A female doctor from the Department of Health outlined the guidelines as they then stood (out-patient clinics have since been built in, where our super municipal ambulatory system can keep busy, if and when emergencies arise, providing transportation to the nearest hospital for live infants and bleeding mothers). The attentive audience was, and is, ugly whenever confronted with obsolete rules that deal with the welfare of the female, her health, her safety. In answer to the possibility of using municipal midwives as paramedical assistants, the gray-haired lady said flatly, "Midwives don't want anything to do with abortion." Period. Something to do with birthing too many babies, most likely. Or being on the other side of the operating table along with the refuse.

More facts, questions, irreconcilable legalities appear week after week, as at last the press is dealing with the perplexities of liberalizing abortion laws in other states. Puzzling things, like the un-American Blacks in Georgia, who make up one-third of the population and only ten percent of the abortion trade. Or the before-mentioned rush to abort of the white female in California and Colorado. A psychiatrist from Colorado says the poor are always slow to adopt new medical procedures. They may also be slow to give up the one basic resource they have left. No question that this particular civil right needs implementing. No question that we have in government today the two-child family men to do it. And no question that American Can, World Bank, DuPont deNemours, and our favorite ecological zealot, GMC, will do their utmost to preserve their survival at any cost. (Did you miss that full page ad in the *Times* after the abortion vote? There they were, humanely listed on the side of world survival. The text said that "thousands of idle and addicted" youth are packed in center

cities, and "millions more will pour into our streets shortly." (Scary?) We must "stop pollution at the sources," also says Standard Oil of New Jersey. It closed with this appeal for billion dollar birth control: "The surging growth of population is basically responsible for the pollution of our environment."

Don't worry about how the program will work. It will definitely work. Women don't get what men, public and private, don't want, whether it's babies, abortions or the basics to survive. Anyone who followed the campaign in press, media and magazine has to be aware of who really wants it, who *desperately* needs this latest quickie solution to addiction, pollution, non-education, inflation, medical malevolence, housing, unemployment and the farm subsidy program. It's the perfect male answer, the typical one for the typical "male" in power: women pay, as always; unborn children pay a very final price; and in a society where to be little, to be economically "unviable," and to be definitely unarmed is to be valueless, the young and fertile female looks ahead to that living death that never seems to change. Unrestrictive abortion catches on like the common cold. And *that's* where men underestimate its power -- they do not know how cheap abortion is compared with the price a woman pays watching the slow destruction of her child. Will the new Black Woman be willing to pay it? Will *she* have a real choice?

During the recent care and feeding of abortion repeal in the *New York Times*, a rather stern editorial appeared chastising assemblymen who hadn't yet gotten the doctrine clearly linked with their political survival (the initial turn-down vote). The next page over, ending Section I, had a full page ad for *Time* magazine's special April 6th issue. Big white letters, bold: "What would America be like without blacks?" Ridiculous? Hungarians are asking the same question about Hungary. The Chinese, with number power and no abortion, don't have to. Interesting people, the Chinese.



Revolution in the West Indies

by SELWYN CUDJOE

The trauma which reverberated throughout the West Indies after the premature and abortive coup in Trinidad last April may very well prove merely a prelude to more violent revolutionary action -- action sure to touch most of the formerly British controlled islands in the area. Indeed, the precautions taken in the aftermath have been quite predictable. For example, in Grenada, the police force has been doubled; in Barbados, it is now unlawful to make any statements that are "prejudicial to one race," or statements that in any way encourage "racial hatred," and a Black Power Conference planned for that island has had to be cancelled. In Trinidad itself, quite a few members of the regiment are now on trial for treason. At best, however, these are only stop-gap measures that are in no way going to block the fierce sense of nationalism that is now spreading across the islands.

Unfortunately, developing side by side with this heightened nationalistic feeling, has been a fundamentally erroneous analysis on the part of the Black revolutionary in Trinidad and Tobago as to his role. A revolution, despite what many of my West Indian brothers seem to believe, cannot be transported lock, stock, and barrel from one country to another. Even though the struggles

of Black peoples in the islands, America, and in Africa may be similar in that we are suppressed by the same oppressor, we should also be cognizant of the fact that the means of political and economic liberation in each area must perforce be different. The rhetoric of the Black struggle in America will not automatically prove effective for Blacks in Rhodesia, just as the successful means of economic liberation in Jamaica will be different from those necessary in a country such as Botswana.

West Indian militants need first of all to delineate within the context of their own experience exactly what they mean by "Black." I purposely have not used the phrase "people of African descent," for such a definition immediately raises difficulties. For example, in Trinidad and Guyana, 50% of the population is East Indian, and in some cases the Madrass Indian is as black in skin color and in many cases blacker than persons of African descent. (In fact, so strong is the Indian caste system that the Indian of the West Indies is not accepted as an authentic East Indian by his brothers in India.) Should these people be written off, considered outside the revolution, because they are not, strictly speaking, of "African descent"? Is Pan-Africanism ap-

plicable here?

My personal belief is that it is applicable; and that if the term "Black" is to be used synonymously with "revolutionary," these Indians too must be considered Black. Perhaps, however, a better designation would be "the oppressed."

Our island brothers seem also to be making a second error in their thinking -- i.e., the automatic association of violence with revolution. Revolutionary action does not necessarily always entail physical violence, particularly in the West Indies. The Black Muslims in America have discovered that the most together type of revolution in America for the Black man is economic, and they are now getting into the technological bag. In very much the same way, if Black militants were to succeed in burning down Kingston, Jamaica, as they endeavored to do in Port of Spain, Trinidad, it would be the *Jamaican government* -- whether the old dysfunctional colonial government or the newly installed revolutionary government -- which would have to rebuild the town. On the other hand, should Harlem, U.S.A., be burned down tomorrow, the U.S. federal government acting on behalf of the whites who own the property in the ghetto, could simply label it a disaster area and begin rebuilding the next day with federal funds

(which in fact would be the spoils of capitalism).

But the political climate in the West Indies is going to be different in the next decades not because of the spate of Black rhetoric or the current restlessness of youth, but because of two very new and unique factors in the present West Indian life. The first is what I call the return of the intellectual; the second, the new role of the University of the West Indies.

Over the past century, there was a marked outward movement of the cream of West Indian leaders. Departing in droves, they caused ripples of revolutionary action throughout the world wherever colonial peoples have been oppressed. Ripples everywhere, that is, except on the islands from whence they came. For in choosing to emigrate, they also opted to leave the political leadership of the islands in the hands of generally inept, non-intellectual and non-politically oriented persons who were merely content to bask in the perfumed glories of spacious titles granted them by their colonial masters. Hence, it is possible to find that Hugh Shearer, the present Prime Minister of Jamaica, merely possesses a high school education, and that as late as 1955, one member of the Trinidad legislature was even unable to spell "bread" correctly.

To the United States came such men as Denmark Vessey in the nineteenth century and Marcus Garvey in the twentieth. Leaders were lost to other fronts as well. George Padmore, a native of Trinidad and one of the principal founders of Pan-Africanism, went to Ghana, where he became a trusted adviser to Dr. Kwame Nkrumah. Frantz Fanon, a native of Martinique, left that island and eventually contributed towards the liberation of the Algerians in the French-Algerian war. And if one wishes, one could even turn to England where West Indians such as Dr. Basil Pitt and Michael De Freitas are struggling against bigots such as Enoch Powell.

In terms of quasi-West Indian leadership -- i.e., those persons

whose parents are of West Indian descent -- perhaps the most glittering example is that of brother Malcolm X, whose mother was reputedly born on the small island of Grenada. Also included within this category would be other such outstanding leaders as Frederick Douglass, and even Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm who came to this country at a very early age.

No one can deny that all these persons have contributed immensely to the revolutionary struggles on the continents. But neither can anyone deny the incalculable loss to the West Indies as a result of their exodus.

Fortunately this trend seems today to be on the reverse. West Indian leaders are now returning and previous patterns of political mediocrity, in terms of leadership, are beginning to give way to the well trained, intellectual and knowledgeable leadership which has been so long lacking. These leaders, their understanding of the inequities of the colonial system greatly sharpened by the racial prejudice and humiliation they have suffered abroad, are beginning to act as catalysts for change.

The movement inward began slowly. In the forties, Forbes Burnham and Dr. Cheddi Jagan, today the Prime Minister of Guyana and the leader of the opposition respectively, returned to Guyana. Both were graduates of American institutions. In the fifties, Dr. Eric Williams and Dr. Rudernath Capildeo, returned to Trinidad to assume the roles of Prime Minister and leader of the opposition there. Meanwhile, Norman Manley, a graduate of a London university, had returned to Jamaica and was challenging Alexander Bustamante for the leadership of government, which he eventually won.

The second factor which is causing great changes in the islands is the emergence of a new intellectual climate. Until very recently men with academic credentials within the government were few and far between. The campuses of the University of the West Indies had more foreign students in attendance

than locals. Today, however, greater numbers of brothers and sisters are now graduating from the University of the West Indies and it is they who are demanding changes and charting a new direction in government. During the recent riots in Trinidad, for example, the leadership for the dissident elements was provided by the University and the disturbances which ensued were given greater impetus by University students. The not too publicized disturbances in Jamaica about a year ago were also attributable to the University leadership in Jamaica.

The establishment forces have not been slow to react. Dr. Walter Rodney, a Guyanese professor at the University of the West Indies, was prevented from returning to Jamaica after attending a Black Power Conference held in Canada last year. British lecturer David C. Nichols, who was supposed to deliver a lecture at the Guyana branch of the University of the West Indies on "The Recent Crisis of Trinidad," was prevented from doing so by the governmental authorities. Further, "teachers, preachers and researchers" from the other islands are being denied jobs at the Guyana branch of the University of the West Indies.

As more and more local people graduate from the University of the West Indies and go back to their villages and towns, the greater the demands for changes are going to be. And it is to these new young and educated leaders West Indians will look for answers -- answers to questions such as why Trinidad should spend most of its foreign currency in supporting the U.S. automobile industry when it can't even produce enough rice for its citizenry, or why Reynolds Aluminum of the U.S. should have the option to mine bauxite for the next 99 years over 74,000 acres of Jamaica's land when the unemployment stands at something like 26% creating havoc all over the country.

But no matter how these and other questions are answered, one perceives a difficult time ahead for the islands and the continued need for vigorous leadership.



united nations

It was a very beautiful day, and the sun above and the plains below faced each other in all of their splendor. It was a Sunday, and the fields seemed to be resting and the tall yellow grass nodded lightly, silently, in the early morning breeze. But in and within the stillness, there was the ever-present awareness of life, both beautiful and fierce. This was a part of Africa, a part of a continent.

Three men, tall men, came walking alone, moving alone, side by side, from out of the distance. On they came, spaced one to two yards off from each other, with the lead man in the middle going slightly ahead. Across their collective faces, there was a fierce darkness and inwardness, and at the same time a look of fiery joy. On they came, with the two flank men carrying long spears, pointed outward, downward, and away from the man in the middle. They were together, these three, but each seemed strangely alone and to himself. They were tall men, these three, going on an average of six feet five inches high. And although they were all of slender appearance, each weighed well over two hundred pounds. On they came, with their clay-and-grease-matted pigtails resting in small tight rolls upon their foreheads. But if there was any one difference among the three, it was only that the man in the middle wore a miniature ivory tusk hung low around his neck. On they came, moving even more purposely now, with their supple bodies doing a natural dance, which at one and the same time hinted openly, then quietly, of tremendous physical strength. Bare feet, scarred feet, touched the ground familiarly, continually, but even then so silently that it was only the dust which announced their presence by going upward, then outward into the air.

A WANDOROBO

It was late in the afternoon when the villagers spotted him, standing one-legged and alone, atop a nearby hill. Suddenly it was as if a storm had started, as if the stars were falling. Women and children ran indiscriminately into the bush. Warriors grabbed spears, while going in all directions. Within minutes, the entire Wakikuyu village had changed from one preparing to welcome night into one in turmoil.

At the far end of the village, from a single hut, three elderly men emerged to survey the commotion. Seeing him, they hurriedly dispatched runners to all parts of the village, and the message they carried slowly restored a semblance of calm.

Then, from an undefined part of the village, seemingly from the bush itself, came the clear, firm heartbeats of the Wakikuyu war drums. Almost in step with the beats, two Wakikuyu warriors, flanking three higher-ranked elders, approached the first group of elders. Dispensing with formality, the six elders greeted each other, seated themselves and began the session which would decide the appropriate action to be taken.

Now all around the circle men spoke, nodded agreement, shouted disapproval, debated. In the distance the growing beat of the war drums came on firm, came on pointed, through the gathering darkness. But it didn't take long for the elders to agree that their unwanted guest was a Masai. This conclusion was the easiest of all to agree upon. Because after all, was it not the immediate recognition of this fact that was responsible for plunging the entire village into a state of panic?

But then if he were a Masai, what denomination Masai? Was he a Morani Masai, or was he a Dorobo, half-breed and therefore a part of the nine different denominations? It was strange at this time that such a thing could be important. But important it was, because if anything was going to be done, they had to be sure to whom it would be done. Further they reasoned that if he were in fact a Morani Masai, a full-fledged Masai warrior, then the possibility of his being a stray or a cast-out Masai alone was highly improbable.

And improbable because they knew the laws of the Masai to be such that almost any crime or indiscretion among them could be settled easily, by the payment of cattle to the injured party. On the other hand, if he were a Dorobo -- a much more quieting hope -- there was still the possibility that he might be a lead Masai scout. But why then a Dorobo? And a lone Dorobo at that?

The Wakikuyus, predominately an agricultural tribe, knew the Masai because they had once lived for years within the area of Masailand. And it was during that period and also due to their fear of the Masai that they had learned to camouflage their villages well enough to deceive many an unsuspecting war party. But in time, many Wakikuyus had grown tired of this unstable game. So that in time not a few of them left many of their brothers behind to supply the Masai with tobacco, while they in turn struck out to the faraway borders of Masailand. And it was there, many miles away, that they hoped they could look forward to a more peaceful and stable existence.

But even now, the Wakikuyus still remembered enough about the Masai to know that if the warriors had wanted to scout the village, they could have done so in such a way that the villagers would not have known it. Further, they could have as well already attacked without warning. And what was even worse, in all probability, everyone except the women and children could have been done away with, almost before anyone knew about it.

So here indeed was a problem. And the reasoning session continued, because there he was, there in fact he was, standing one-legged and alone upon a hill to the west of their village. A one-legged man, gazing off into the distance, apparently unaware of the concern his presence was causing.

All around the circle of elders, the voices passed. Standing with one leg off the ground -- was this not strictly a Masai trait? All around the circle the elders nodded. But was it not also known that, upon occasion, the Dorobo copied this habit of standing one-legged? So back around the circle, back to where they had started, and the decision was narrowing down to the one thing the elders hoped to avoid. Because they had no way of predicting what would result from sending a token force of warriors up that hill. It could most certainly bring on the worst kind of results.

Then it happened, something unexpected. A Waki-

cont next pg

MASAI

by LARRY MELFORD

kuyu girl of fourteen, of certainly not more than fourteen, and who had been away to the far side of the hill, came quite unsuspectingly upon the Masai while making her way back to the village. Below, several of the warriors who had seen the girl blunder onto the hill, grasped spears but were restrained by a sharp command from one of the elders before they could act. All eyes turned silently toward the hill to watch the outcome of the meeting.

The young girl, suddenly seeing the strange man, froze in her tracks. Back and forth across her face shot the full gamut of emotions. But whatever the sum total of these emotions, none of them permitted her to move a muscle. The Masai stood as before, gazing off, almost as if unaware of the girl and the girl standing frozen, with one arm hanging free while the other held a basket of wash upon her head. And for several minutes they remained this way, almost as if the slightest move on their part would bring on the night prematurely, as it waited patiently now, silently, in the wings of heaven.

It was the Masai who broke the spell. And he did it by sitting down. But only then in order to neutralize the difference in height between the girl and himself. From below, the villagers watched what was vaguely, then plainly, the beginning of conversation between the girl and the Masai. Several times, the Masai whirled to point eastward and off into the distance. Slowly and also after a time, the villagers saw the girl remove the basket from her head, but even then they noted that she continued to maintain the distance between them.

When the Dorobo appeared atop the hill overlooking the Wakikuyu village, he did not know how long he would stay, nor where he would go if he left. He stood there pensively, his thoughts traveling back to where he had started.

As a Dorobo, he had not grown up in the inner circle, the full Masai circle. To be sure, his early life had not been much different from that of a Masai boy of similar age. But as his group was one of the nine different denominations of Dorobo, there were certain limitations to be expected. Even so, when the Morani Masai compounds emptied in full war dress to attack or repulse an enemy, it was his own Dorobo group that the Morani chiefs depended upon for additional support. And it was this dependence during times of conflict which caused his group to consider themselves somewhat closer than the others to being full-fledged Masai.

It was true there were still many differences between the various factions of Masai. Appearance-wise, it would have taken a seasoned eye to say that man there was a Dorobo and the other there was

a Morani Masai. In fact, many of the Dorobo were better muscled and they were given under certain conditions a better chance of survival. But pride-wise, there was no touching the Morani Masai, as they claimed the direct lineage. And it was indeed this degree of pride which left the door open for others, quite often neither Dorobo nor Morani, to fester in and cause even greater divisions. So that standing now many miles away from the birthplace and home he had loved, he could not point a direct finger at anyone of the group responsible for his plight.

Oh, he knew how they operated, rather like--if it were possible--four-headed vultures on all fours. One head catering to the ever-present Masai legend of pride; the second head professing kinship and love only for the Dorobo; while the third head was a head reserved strictly for when they were among their own. And the fourth head, well, they didn't even know what that head was themselves. They were the middle men and among them were the witch doctors, the evil maintainers of the dark and the deep rituals. Their hand could be seen in all things, though if one were to try and trace their acts, he would nearly always meet with failure. Even then, if the Masai had not been so blinded by self-love, it would have been possible for them to see the harm the four-headed ones represented. But alas, so wise were the four-headed faction, so clever, so underhanded were they, that to expose them was near to impossible. Upon themselves, they had taken the right to direct the limitations of all Dorobo. Upon themselves, they had taken the right to weed out any and all who came in opposition to their will. And upon themselves, they had taken all these things, because it was only through the division of all groups that they could work all ends against the middle for the sole benefit of themselves. They claimed not to own cattle, yet many of the Masai cattle were actually controlled by them. They pretended no interest in anyone's affairs, yet they wheeled and dealt on all levels. Their control of the Dorobo was worked partially through the blind vainness of not a few Dorobo women, who fancied themselves of much worth, due to their great attraction to the Morani Masai warriors. Yet in fact, it was through the felicitations of the four-headed faction that many of the Dorobo women showed up as prostitutes in Morani warrior compounds.

But life had gone on for the Dorobo and, within himself, he had not the slightest thought that the four-headed ones were at all concerned with him. Strangely enough, his awakening had come after one of the greatest battles and victories the Masai had ever known. During the battle, even though a member of a Dorobo division, he had distinguished himself by personally coming to the aid of more than one of the many Morani

lead chiefs. Time and time again as the battle raged on, he had continually served in a manner which not only impressed the Morani chiefs, but also his own division commanders as well. So that at the end of the battle, he came marching home with the ringing of Masai praises in his ears and high expectations. For he knew that, as was the custom, news of the great victory would reach the Masai villages long before the warriors' return. But what did he find awaiting him? A coldness, yes even hatred, emanating from his own people, the Dorobo!

For quite some time afterwards, he went about trying to ferret out the cause of this disappointing welcome. After all, had he not served his nation with honor? Had not the lead chiefs themselves continually singled him out for bravery? Fire blazed in his heart! What was the cause of this disenchantment emanating from his own people, the Dorobo? But he searched and questioned and listened in vain. And even as if the coolness and hatred were not pain enough, at night as he sat huddled around the burning fires, Dorobo women danced with their -- in some cases -- well-developed posteriors extended outward toward him.

Then one day the veil which hid the mystery was lifted. Even before he had set foot in the village, it had been spread out among the Dorobo that he had left his own group to fight exclusively with and among the Morani divisions. Further, it was said that he had turned his back on the Dorobo sections in order to curry special favors from the Morani chiefs!

In time, he was able to figure out to whose good such lies served, to whose purpose such underhanded methods were directed. But even before he learned the truth, they too, the four-headed faction, were once again ready. And it wasn't long before they had him branded in an inescapable frame-up involving the Dorobo woman of a lead Morani Masai chief.

It was with this new burden upon his shoulders that he one day set out alone -- not into the bush where many a lone Dorobo ended -- but out onto and into the open plains, where he hoped to find a new and strife-free existence.

Following the Dorobo's arrival and for many days and nights thereafter, the Wakikuyu girl became the sole source of information between the Dorobo and the village. Each day and three times each day, it became the girl's custom to take food to the Dorobo. During the ensuing intervals, they would sit and talk. The Dorobo was a gifted storyteller and he spoke to the girl softly, easily, while she listened in awe. This habit of speaking softly was a Masai trait, yet it suited the Dorobo well, and served to further enhance the aura of mystery surrounding him. Likewise, in all

things his was the soft approach, and the girl, while with him, became aware of a continuous flow of tenderness emanating from his presence.

There were times, too, when the Dorobo would stalk restlessly from the hut which he had built atop the hill. At such times he would walk pointedly down and out from the hill, going as if into a new place. And the girl would stand and watch him go, only to see him -- after a very short while -- stop and retrace his steps back to the small hut atop the hill. It was then that she became aware of a different side of the Dorobo. A side screaming with grace and power. But once back within the hut, he would always return again to the cloak marked tenderness.

To say now or at any time that the mysterious presence of the Dorobo atop the hill and to the west of their village was taken in stride by the Wakikuyus would not be speaking truthfully. Because, in actuality, his presence did bring about at least one major change in the villagers' way of life. Heretofore, all things had revolved around and emanated from the control of the village elders. Further, in keeping with this natural state of affairs, the elders' official dwelling, which was located in a key section of the village, was distinguished by a well-worn path to its door. But with the coming of the Dorobo, interest had shifted to the less imposing home of the unmarried Wakikuyu girl, and then shifted only because of her new-found stature, earned through her sole connection with the Dorobo.

So it was to this new-born seat of affairs that the villagers now came; even the highly-placed elders found it expedient to be in attendance. Eagerly they all waited each evening for the girl's return, well prepared with questions. And the Wakikuyu girl, caught up in this new wave of prominence, found herself hard pressed to satisfy their demands. But in all fairness to the girl, it should be said that she acquitted herself nobly, yes even beautifully.

"No, he has not told me his name. For the food? Yes, I would say he is grateful. No, not all the time; much of the time he is silent. A coward? I am sure he is not. In time he promises to repay us with fresh-caught game. Oh yes, definitely, I am sure he is a Dorobo. What? Well, some of the time he tells stories. Well, one story was about the sun and the moon. Amusing? Yes, I think it was amusing, but to me, it was even more beautiful. No, I cannot repeat it. It would not sound correct. What, you insist? Then I will try:

The sun and the moon quarreled; the reason for this was that the moon wanted to appear in the daytime. The sun refused to agree and they fought. The moon was worsted and badly wounded, a big piece being knocked out of it. This is why it is not round like the sun and why it goes down in the sky nearly always and is only seen at night. It wishes to avoid the sun, of which it is afraid. And the sun itself has

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a trick, because when it disappears from view, it awaits a favorable opportunity and then when it is cloudy, rushes across the sky to the east again, so fast no man can see it. It then rests, until it is time to begin work on the following morning.

"Yes, there are other stories -- but I cannot tell them correctly. Nyamin? I do not understand -- what is the meaning of nyamin? Oh! The Masai word for thief!! I am sure he is not. En-Giopo? Crime? If he is here because of a crime he has committed, I do not know. Yes, I am sure he prefers to be alone. When will he leave? That I cannot answer, except that he himself has told me that when and if he does leave, not even he knows where he will go."

Upon arising the next day, the Wakikuyu villagers found a kudu suspended high from two poles in the center area of the village. And it was immediately and joyously plain -- in keeping with the spirit of what the girl had told them -- that this freshly-killed kudu was indeed a gift from the Dorobo. Consequently, within a short period of time, the entire village was ringing with shouts of appreciation. The dead kudu and the feast that would come because of it, were cause enough for excitement; more important, there were few among the gathering who had any doubt that this gift would be further punctuated by a visit from the Dorobo himself. Of like mind was the Wakikuyu girl. So that for the first time since the arrival of the Dorobo, she made no plans to go out to the hut atop the hill.

The festive day did come on, until finally it faded to make way for the dawn. But before it did, the villagers had enjoyed a feast which was complete in every way. Fittingly, the songs were sung with a fervor never before heard and the dances were danced until exhaustion claimed even the heartiest. Yet curiously, neither the day nor the night had brought with it the expected visit from the Dorobo. So that late now in the dwindling minutes before the dawn, all that were left in the square were a few of the elders, joined by a token number of the tribe's older men. Well fed they were! Dreary with food and drink they were. Yet all the while through the heavy stillness, through the lightening darkness, strong fingers forced forth the continuous sound of muffled drumming. Muffled came the sound, not insistent, not inciting, but muffled, in keeping with the heavy stillness, in keeping with the disappearing darkness. Now through the sound an old man started to rock and as he rocked he began to hum a strange, wild, lamenting tune. Humming with his eyes closed and with his lips pressed close together. Humming with the sound coming from somewhere deep in his throat. Humming, as it were, a sound from out of a strange world. A sound like a mother walking and entreating a hopelessly sick child to sleep. Now low,

laboriously, like men lifting heavy loads, then putting them down, only to lift again and again. Pitilessly came the sound, from deep down inside the hidden recesses of his soul. So eerie was the effect that it seemed a direct invocation to every soul which had ever known torment.

As the old man hummed, the small gathering became aware of a tall figure, approaching slowly, almost in step with the drums. It was the Dorobo, moving heavily, slowly and trance-like, as if carrying the weight of all the tormented souls in his steps. Now in with the old man, several of the surrounding elders picked up the slow lament, while the muffled drums continued to lay down the basic beat. But suddenly, abruptly, the Dorobo stopped. The spell was broken. It was true the muffled drums went on. It was true the humming went on. But the Dorobo was alone again, separated from the sound and once again alone. Even then, for several minutes, he stood sideways, silent and beautiful, in the moonlit clearing. A solitary figure with his fate written invisibly across his forehead. But presently the Dorobo turned to walk away; behind him the elders watched him go. And it was then that they too knew his ending; they too knew his fate.

Early the next day at dawn, the world seemed asleep, and the all-encompassing stillness was a silent sound in itself. On a small hill overlooking the Wakikuyu village, three men, tall men, crouched low into the grass like three long, thin lions. Each carried in his hand a spear which was double-edged and sharpened to a razor-like keenness. Below the edge of each spear there was a short wooden handle, which ran out into a piece of pointed iron, making it possible for the spear to pierce a lion and at the same time pin him to the ground. But as the eyes of the three men scanned the Wakikuyu village, they were not thinking of lions; they were thinking of one of their own, who was even then not one of their own, but only really just a Wandorobo Masai. Together, dark eyes scanned each nook and corner of the village before coming to rest upon a small path which led away from the village, going toward a mound of earth, high and to the west. The long left arm of the middle Masai shot forward and the spear it held pointed the way for his two companions to follow. Sighting straight along the edge of the pointed spear, the two moved out wide, going in an encircling movement in order to come upon the hill from two different sides. Low, low they went, deep into the bright yellow grass and with their violent spears pointed to the west. Behind them, still crouched in the grass, the middle Masai watched them go with fierce eyes until, in the still sunless dawn, not even he could detect their movements.

Later the same day, a giant full-chested hawk dove beautifully down through the hanging clouds above. His huge wings flapped assuredly, effortlessly, as he made his way down and to a point, before coming out of the dive. Far below the right wing of the hawk and as he glided on a level, a girl came running from a hut atop a hill, which was to the west of a small village. Behind the girl, as she ran screaming down the hill, were footprints leaving traces of blood which shone upon the bright yellow grass. Further on down the hill ran the girl, while above her, the giant hawk seemed to be watching with a strange detachment. On a sudden impulse, the giant hawk lifted its hooked beak and his huge wings lifted him high and hid him high in the clouds above. But several minutes later and several miles away, the same hawk came diving through the clouds again. Beneath him now was a vast wilderness, an open plain, where the sun was slowly, but easily, beginning to come to life.

Downward through the clouds came the hawk, with its formidable beak pointing the way, until after only a few timeless seconds there could be seen beneath the full span of his extended wings three men, tall men, walking alone, side by side, going into the distance.

On they went, spaced one to two yards off from each other, with the lead man in the middle going slightly ahead. Across their collective faces there was a fierce darkness, an inwardness, and at the same time, a look of fiery joy. On they went, with the two flank men carrying long spears, pointed outward, downward, and away from the man in the middle. They were together, these three, but each seemed strangely alone and to himself. They were tall men, these three, going on an average of six feet five inches. And although they were all of slender appearance, each weighed well over two hundred pounds. On they went, with their clay-and-grease-matted pigtailed resting in small tight rolls upon their foreheads. But if there was any one difference among the three, it was only that the man in the middle wore a miniature ivory tusk, hung low around his neck. On they went, moving even more purposely now, with their supple bodies doing a natural dance, which at one and the same time hinted openly, then quietly, at tremendous physical strength. Bare feet, scarred feet, touched the ground familiarly, continually, but even then so silently that it was only the dust which announced their presence by going upward, then outward into the air.

WATCHING CONVERTS AT THOMKINS SQUARE

Raggedy pants bulge

past beerkeg

paunch

naked head

filters

effect

of

paraded piety;

how fine to be hindoo

where

hindooes

are few.

-- Donald M. Winkelman

The Voorhees Incident

Bumberg, S. C. (Student Organization for Black Unity): Seven Black students accused of "common law rioting" were found guilty in mid-July and sentenced to from 18 months to 2 years in prison. The alleged crimes took place during a demonstration at Voorhees College in nearby Denmark on April 29, 1969.

The incident at Voorhees was in connection with Black students' demands for reforms at the all-Black Episcopal-run school. Voorhees has close to 900 Black students, but has a curriculum which says little, if anything, about what those students need to move the Black community towards independence. The proposals called for numerous changes including a Black Studies program and higher wages for cafeteria, janitorial and non-academic school employees. Further, the students were protesting the fact that J. Kenneth Morris, a white man, is president of the board of trustees and with the aid of his negro puppets exercises life and death control over the lives of the Black people at the university.

On April 29th, 75 students occupied an administration building until then college president John F. Potts agreed to their demands. The students left the building peacefully. No one was hurt and there were no incidents.

Later school business manager O. H. White and J. Kenneth Morris overruled Potts and brought charges against the 7.

Representing the state, prosecutor Williamson and assistant attorney general Everett Brandon said that the fact that the students' demands were justified and legal did not matter. Rather, he argued, the point was that they had gathered more than three persons together who intended to accomplish their aims with "force and violence" as well as to "terrorize."

On the other hand, attorneys de-

fending the Black students brought witnesses who testified to the falseness of state claims of terrorist intent.

A secretary who worked in the building said that the occupation had startled her, yet it was orderly enough for her to be able to easily maintain her regular work.

The state focused on the students' carrying of guns and argued that surely there was terrorist and violent intent in such armament. The defense, however, brought witnesses who said that the guns had only been used to symbolize the seriousness and deep sincerity of the students and had never been pointed at anyone. They also noted that the weapons were not concealed.

They agreed that the students were asked to leave and didn't. They also acknowledged that the students were armed. But, they explained, the charges should therefore have been trespassing and assault, not rioting. There, in fact, was no riot. No shots were fired, no one was hurt, everything was peaceful.

Such objections were constantly overruled by the judge.

Following a Baptist-style preached sermon from a specially requested lecturer by the state, the jury deliberated shortly before returning a unanimous conviction.

The trial was typical of the kind of hypocritical justice that has been meted out to African people throughout our history in this country. There is no need, however, for a "Free the Voorhees 7" campaign. Retribution for this act of aggression against all African people must be made through meaningful action and dedication to the cause of African liberation.

These are not the first warriors to be imprisoned and most certainly not the last. But time is running out. Selma, Birmingham, Sharpsville, Watts, Detroit; Medgar, Malcolm, Emmett Till, Martin, Featherstone, Che, Lumumba; Texas South-

ern, Orangeburg, Jackson State, Voorhees -- how much more can we endure? How much more will we endure -- "the limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress."

Tanzania Treason Trial Sensation

Dar Es Salaam (Richard Gibson): A political bombshell exploded in the Tanzanian capital when the prosecution announced recently that an exiled South African liberation movement leader would be the chief witness in the current trial of seven persons accused of plotting to overthrow the regime of President Julius K. Nyerere.

The surprise witness is P.K. Leballo, Acting President of the Pan Africanist Congress of South Africa, whose exile headquarters are located in Tanzania.

Those accused include several well-known Tanzanian public figures, among them the former Minister of Labor, 46-year-old Michael Kamaliza, and the one-time women's leader, 45-year-old Bibi Titi Mohammed. Also charged are Colonel William M. Chacha, former military attache at the Tanzanian Embassy in Peking; Gray Makaka, a journalist; John Chipaka, a well-known politician; Eliya Chipaka, a former Army Captain, and Phillip Millinga, a former Army Lieutenant. The seven are alleged to have conspired with Oscar Kambona, former Tanzanian Foreign Minister and Secretary General of TANU, the country's sole political party, to stage a coup d'etat to overthrow and kill President Nyerere.

The prosecution claims that Leballo had frequent contacts with some of the accused and went to London, where Kambona now lives in exile, for secret meetings with him. Allegedly, Kambona sought to persuade Leballo to use PAC freedom fighters based in Tanzania to help him seize power.

Although Leballo was said to have received money from Kambona,

he has not been charged with any offense, presumably because he was cooperating with the Tanzanian Government.

In London, Oscar Kambona has repeatedly repudiated accusations that he has been plotting against the Tanzanian regime, while reiterating his own charges of "unconstitutional rule" in Tanzania. In a recently published pamphlet, entitled, "Tanzania and the Rule of Law," issued in London, he claimed that Tanzania would become a one-man dictatorship unless President Nyerere permitted the drafting of a new constitution before the country's forthcoming general elections later this year. So far, however, Kambona has not replied specifically to the lengthy list of charges against him and his associates made by the Tanzanian Government.

ZANU Charges Leader Murdered

Lusaka, Zambia (Richard Gibson): The Zimbabwe African National Union has accused the illegal white-minority regime of Ian Smith in Rhodesia of murdering ZANU's long-imprisoned Vice President, Leopold Takawira.

Takawira, along with nearly all the other members of the ZANU Central Committee, was incarcerated at Salisbury's Maximum Security Prison in 1964. According to ZANU sources, Takawira was rushed to a hospital on June 15 under heavy security guard. No one was allowed to see him until after his sudden death on the same afternoon. Later, Smith regime spokesmen claimed that Takawira had died of diabetes, a disease that he had not previously been suffering from.

ZANU leaders immediately charged the illegal white-minority regime with murder, accusing the Smith regime of seeking to liquidate the African freedom fighters in its prisons one by one. They charged the regime with stepping up "this diabolical plan," following the trial

last year of ZANU President Ndbanengi Sithole on charges of allegedly plotting and conspiring to assassinate Ian Smith. Sithole was found guilty and sentenced to six years in prison, although he had already been in detention at the time of the alleged plot.

Despite the imprisonment of its top leadership, many of whom have yet to be formally arrested or tried for any crime, ZANU was still the first African liberation movement to launch the armed struggle in Zimbabwe in its fight to liberate the Central African country from white-minority rule.

ZANU leaders who were able to escape detention now maintain an exile headquarters in neighboring Zambia, and receive Organization of African Unity backing for their struggle.

A Choice for Connecticut Blacks

Norwalk, Conn. (LNS): Connecticut authorities are keeping polluted beaches near big cities open to swimmers to keep ghettoized Blacks from rebelling this summer.

Connecticut's strategy was revealed at a Health Department hearing by Eric Mood, assistant professor of public health at Yale University, and a former Health Department official. Mood assured people that any diseases contracted in the polluted water would be non-fatal, and that there was "almost no danger" of polio or typhoid, though swimmers might contract "polio-related viral infections that are not paralyzing."

"It is a real problem what to do," he explained. "The long hot summer is ahead of us, and it is principally the Blacks who are affected, because so many lack transportation to get to beaches away from the polluted harbor. As an alternative to possible rioting, the health official can allow the beach to stay open and run the risk of having the swimming public becoming infected."

OLD NEIGHBORHOOD

They swept me with morning light,
drunken body slobbering,
rolling with bottles and tight
wads of paper out on a curb to bed.
Once I could walk Black streets
blinking into windows,
listening to alleys cupping footbeats
in Black hands--
hands that sang
through faceless radios in thin rooms.
I sensed the end of an era one morning,
witnessed tombs opening in the streets
and old wooden bars
sliding down dark stairs like slaves
to their lovers: vast waiting cars.
Neighbors slept in quilted graves.

-- Roland Ayers

Book Review

Black Magic: Poetry 1961-1967, by LeRoi Jones. New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 1969. 225 pp. \$5.95 & \$3.95.

The example of Ameer Baraka is a profound one and all Black people should know something about it. As the poet and spiritual leader of the Black Arts Movement once said himself, way back when: "And when they say it is Roi who is dead I wonder who they will mean?" Obviously, it is the LeRoi Jones who was victimized by the ethos of spiritual decay abounding in the Western psychology. Now, perhaps it is "LeRoi" who is not around, but surely, the Imamu, Ameer Baraka, is very much with us, grooving with us and against the vibrations of the evil that has been put on us, chanting "for the Return of Black Spirit and Power... To turn their evil backwards/ is to/ live."

Check this book out, if you haven't already. The Imamu's first two books of poetry reflected his absorption into Euro-America and its death-consciousness. His forthcoming *Book of Life* will exemplify its title: it is to be a book of psalms, of chants, of magic formulas. *Black Magic* is a book of seasons changing. It incorporates three volumes: *Sabatoge*, 1961-1963; *Target Study*, 1963-1965; and *Black Art*, 1965-1966. It is a record of the growing soul, the reach for, the coming to terms with death, with the killers; showing us who, what, how they are, and how they have made agony such a personal bag. Then comes the reaching forth, like McCoy Tyner's music, into the spirit of Black life, into the changing and yet unyielding season of Black consciousness.

We are beautiful people
with african imaginations
full of masks and dances and
swelling chant
with african eyes, and noses,
and arms,
tho we sprawl in grey chains in
a place
full of winters, when what we
want is sun.

Sun is a destination in the space age with Sun Ra-kets. *Black Magic* is the move, the dance and chants toward a life thing. Movement through spiritual seasons to a consciousness of beautiful spirit-movers and Black spirit-selves.

The potent lyricity of Baraka's style has changed since *Preface to a Twenty-Volume Suicide Note*. But the potency is not lost; it is swift, freer in impulse and rhythm; Milford Graves and Rashid Ali at both speakers, Elvin at the center, all working magic on the pulse of life. Baraka's poetry has been taking on a musical and rhythmic quality from the ethos of the Blackmusic spirit. Using phrase and sound repetitions frequently, short like "20th-Century Fox":

Dynamite black girl
fucking in the halls
skirt pulled up
climbing cross the walls

Dynamite black girl,
walks in the snow
meets me in the city
walks with me
stares at me
touches me
talks and talks
to me
kisses me
moves love,

or poems that are really long psalmic chanting:

Magic Cities
begin to re/form. Our strength
is in the drums,
the sinuous horns, blow forever
beautiful princes, touch
the spellflesh of everything, all
life, and the swift go on
go off and speed.

And from the mid-Sixties, the choppy, natural rhythm from the corners. With speed; like, the "up against the wall" poems. With speed, it is uttered with speed, and not as the hallucinogen but the motion of Blackness given a flexible variety of spirit impulses.

Black Magic is the book for everyone who has been curious about how the Imamu has become the most important poet-magician in the U.S. As the work of the spiritual leader of the contemporary renaissance in Black poetry alone, it is also a reflection of much Black poetry in the Sixties. *Black Magic*, the title and the reality, are primary sources of Ameer Baraka's poetic impact on our poets and thinkers, as well as our readers and listeners. In this volume, as a book toward a fuller life, can be found the large range of a poetic consciousness toward Black liberation; and together with the earlier books, it expands the range of Black poetry from a consciousness of uninvolved and existential despair with pop-culture society to the importance of word/magic as a function of a politically involved community.

Ameer Baraka has been hammering out keys to a beautiful Black future, for us.

--- Ron Welburn

Film has always been for me a fascinating medium. Ten years ago, with little else going for me, I wandered the city from the Bronx to Brooklyn in search of the movie that would provide a lightweight high... temporary rest from what was too much and too real. In those dark rooms, chilled and often uncomfortable, I constructed a fantasy of safety, removed from everything but what I chose to see and hear... hunched with cherry sherbet, popcorn and an occasional Mounds bar, committed to my self-induced addiction to celluloid mythology.

Film has grown and, hopefully, so have I. Today, I look at movies somewhat more clinically, having learned a bit about how they are made, and enjoy (?) them a good deal less. In a very new way, film holds a firm and continuing grip on my sensibilities; I see the medium as a prime moving instrumentality of today's struggle, a vehicle more completely able to reach the people (as in "power to") with such images as will inform them of their beauty and such literature as may help all of us effect the destruction of the regime. (Silently, without creating much alarm or dismay.) Dismantle the State and its accoutrements with our words and our heavy night vision.

Straight ahead.

But the contemporary uses to which the cinema is being put can only serve to postpone the inevitability of change in this country. For Blacks are only participating currently in works designed for the most part by whites for consumption by other whites. It does not matter that film in America has come 'round to starring Blacks in movies, letting Blacks direct movies... The great films will elude us until a Black consciousness fuses with the available technology to create fresh dreams, new legends, ritual and

suggestion, music, and an entirely new scale of visual reference.

No film has explored the Black experience thoroughly enough. Not yet. Not in terms of information, not in terms of the expansive possibilities contained in an imaginatively utilized camera.

A new movie, *Cotton Comes to Harlem*, makes overtures, gives positive indications of what may, in time, be possible. *Cotton*, based on a novel by Chester Himes, is a strange mixture of the old-fashioned and the contemporary. It offers the possibility that a crooked preacher (Calvin Lockhart) could dupe thousands of modern-day Harlem Blacks out of a total of \$87,000 with a back-to-Africa hype.

No chance.

The Brother is not going for that sort of shuck anymore.

Himes deals with Harlem in his work in a remarkably accurate and hilariously funny manner. (*Pinktoes* must be called a classic by any student of the folklore). His Harlem, however, no longer exists. It was gone before that gaping hole was put in the ground at 125th and Seventh, before there was Lenox Terrace and Delano Village, before dope had crazed us into hating each other so much. The only way to do Himes justice would be to set films of his works in the 1930's and 1940's when he conceived them, capturing cinematically the flavor of that special time of the Black experience in uptown Manhattan. This will never happen, unfortunately, and, therefore, a continuing ruin will be visited upon other novels by Himes (and other Black writers). Transferring a novel to the screen is difficult enough without leaving out such essential qualities as the mood, climate, and feeling structured by the author.

Himes brings to mind the sound of voices purring from beneath big hats, gleaming marcelled heads parted in the middle above the faces of beautiful brown ladies, huge cars, confining and concealing clothes, and a pervading sense of poverty

survived, hatred overcome, pain endured -- all at a particular level, in another time. History informs, guides and warns us. This is, perhaps, the power implicit in the work of Chester Himes, a power that is absent in the film.

Moreover, where the novel focuses primarily on the character of Deke O'Malley, the con man turned minister, the movie dwells on the lives of Coffin Ed Johnson and Grave Digger Jones, the two hard-nosed detectives who pursue him. Lost in this particular shuffle, then, is the personality of the preacher, his charisma, the slickness beneath his handsome, sartorially splendid exterior. Calvin Lockhart plays O'Malley superficially, missing entirely the ironic implications couched in the man's criminal inclinations.

As the detectives, Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St. Jacques are rarely permitted to explore the peculiar and fragile relationship existing between the strong-willed, no-bullshit Black cop and the residents of the community he polices. (That relationship was very different during the years when Himes was writing *Cotton*.)

Ossie Davis has directed the film with a tentative and unsteady emphasis on acceptable Hollywood values, and has explored virtually nothing in terms of giving the film a stylistic life of its own. His technique is both awkward and unimaginative at this point; one can only hope that experience will make him a more daring technical adventurer.

The performances in *Cotton* are seldom more than foundations of a put-on... the sort that will result, years from now, in things like the Twenty-Seventh Annual Raymond St. Jacques Film Festival, books called *Camp* and *the Black Community*, or a television series called "Sons of Grave Digger and Coffin Ed."

One line stands out in the flick, a line repeated several times: "Is that Black enough for you?" Regarding *Cotton*, the answer is No.

But keep on keepin' on.

Letters to the Editor

Call It Treason

Dear Sir:

On Sunday, June 28, 1970, an advertisement appeared in the *New York Times* urging support for the state of Israel and calling upon President Nixon to speed delivery of the jet aircraft and other military hardware Israel has requested from the United States. This ad was of particular interest since it was sponsored by the A. Philip Randolph Institute and signed by 64 prominent "negro leaders," including Whitney Young, Roy Wilkins, Mayor Richard Hatcher, and Congressman John Conyers, to name only a few.

In 1964 when the late Malcolm X returned from his second trip to Africa he tried to get help from Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young and Martin Luther King, among others, in bringing the plight of Afro-Americans before the United Nations. He indicated that President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana had agreed to instruct the Ghanaian delegation to raise the issue before the U.N. General Assembly if Malcolm could get the support of America's other major "negro leaders."

To a man these "leaders" refused to support Malcolm's proposals. They regarded Afro-Americans as being different from Africans and that ours was strictly an American problem that had nothing to do with Africa or the U.N.

Yet in 1968 when Arthur Goldberg, then U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., proposed greater contacts between Afro-Americans and Africa these same "negro leaders" eagerly jumped at the opportunity. A committee for African-Afro-American contact was formed which included, among others, Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young and Martin Luther King with Arthur Goldberg as chairman.

It was this same group of "American negroes," who in 1964 considered themselves completely different from Africans, that had the audacity in 1968 to offer their good services as mediators in the war between the Nigerian Federal Govern-

ment and the breakaway Biafran rebels. Needless to say some Nigerian government officials had some rather choice (and unprintable) words in reply.

It is also interesting to note that earlier this year the editors of such major "negro" newspapers as the *Amsterdam News*, the *Chicago Defender*, and the *Michigan Chronicle* were treated to a widely publicized tour of Israel. Shortly after their return the editorial policies of all of these publications began to reflect a strong pro-Israel bias.

Perhaps one of the most puzzling names to appear in the *Times* advertisement of June 28 is that of Congressman Charles Diggs of Michigan, for he, more than anyone else, should know better. As Chairman of the House Sub-Committee on Africa and critic of present U.S. policy toward the white supremacist regimes in southern Africa, Diggs should know of the tight economic and political ties between Israel and South Africa. He should know that Israel, along with South Africa and Portugal, was a principal supplier of arms to the "Biafrans" in the Nigerian civil war; a war designed to divide and weaken Africa's most populous nation.

Diggs should know that like South Africa (and the United States) Israel is an artificial white settler state. He should know that in order for such a state to exist it must either remove, enslave or destroy the original inhabitants of the land. South Africa has chosen to enslave its Black majority while Israel has chosen to drive the Arabs from their land.

Diggs should also know that, as a member of the Organization of African Unity (OAU), Egypt has received overwhelming support for its stand against Israel from almost all other African nations, many of whom are just beginning to see Israel's neo-colonial designs on Africa.

Any Black man anywhere in the world who openly advocates the support of Israel is advocating support for the enemies of all African People. Roy Wilkins, Charles Diggs, Bayard Rustin and all of the other "big negroes" who signed the ad-

vertisement urging support for Israel have committed an unforgivable act of treason against our people and should be dealt with accordingly.

Pan African Congress
12117 Dexter Blvd.
Detroit, Mich. 48206

Instant Niggers

Dear Mr. Watts:

Your last editorial "Instant Niggers" (*LIBERATOR*, July 1970) was fantastic! Why is it that voices such as yours, on issues such as the above, are seldom heard in public?

I would like to suggest that you send that editorial to *all* the "militant" negroes in America... and abroad!

Vernon W. Boggs
New York City

Percy Sledge Sells Soul

Dear Sir:

Black American performer Percy Sledge is currently touring South Africa, selling soul. The presence of Sledge as an entertainer in this racist country means that Sledge and the managerial machinery behind him accept the system of apartheid as created and controlled by the South African white minority police state.

It appears that Sledge originally agreed to enter South Africa with a permit to appear before "non-whites" only; but with money in mind and obvious pull, he will now be able to sing not only before his brothers, but also before all-white audiences. His manager, Ronnie Quibell, simply says that Percy is "keen to perform to everybody -- white and non-white" (*Cape Times*, June 11, 1970).

In 1965 a number of American artists pledged to observe a total boycott of South Africa. Percy Sledge, and all those with him who defy this boycott, act in support of white oppression of Blacks symbolized by South Africa, and therefore sabotage the struggle being waged today by the African liberation movements to liberate their countries. Percy Sledge, in verbalizing naivete, acts like the American businessman who denies that investment in South Africa is supporting a system of economic exploitation.

American Committee on Africa
New York City



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